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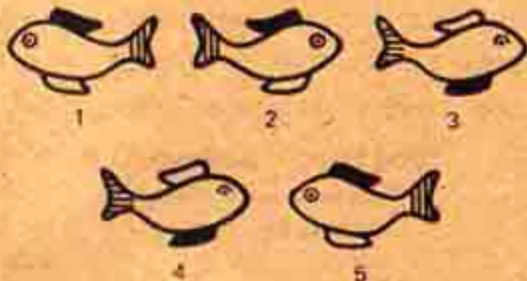
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# CHANDAMAMA

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DECEMBER 1977

No. 6

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

## "TALES, MARVELLOUS TALES"

*What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales  
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest.*

These are lines from poet James Flecker's *Prologue to the Golden Journey to Samarkand*. Tales have been the most valuable source of entertainment and instruction through the ages. Great Masters like Jesus Christ and Sri Ramakrishna used tales to drive home the truths. We wish our readers a happy Christmas through remembering three of the tales Jesus had told.

But soon we are going to take you on a golden journey - not to Samarkand - but to the world of the Arabian Nights. Several tales of that enchanting world, like the ones of Alibaba, Sindbad and Aladin, are well known to you. But there are many more that are little read. We are making a selection of such tales from the original volumes of the vast work known as the *Book of the Thousand and One Nights* or *The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. They will be retold in a modern style.

They are entertainments, no doubt, but they are also the treasures of experience of the bygone centuries - about human nature and the way of the world.

Watch for the first tale of this series. It will be in the next issue of your magazine - the first issue of the New Year!





## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

धरावः कामाननुयन्ति बालास्ते मृत्योर्यन्ति विततस्य पाशम् ।

अथ धीरा जमत्तत्वं विदित्वा ध्रुवमध्रुवेष्विह न प्रार्थयन्ते ॥

*Parācaḥ kāmānamuyanti bālāste mṛtyoryanti vitātasya pāṣam*

*Atha dhīrā amṛtatvam viditvā dhruvamadhruveṣviha na prārthayante*

The ignorant runs after false pleasures and falls into the wide net of death. The wise knows what is eternal ; he does not expect anything of lasting value from the inconstant pleasures of life.

— The Kathopanishad

मृदघट इव सुखभेदो दुःसन्धानश्च दुर्जनो भवति ।

सुजनस्तु कनकघटवद् दुर्भेदश्चाशुसम्भवे ॥

*Mṛdghaṭa iva sukhabhedo duḥsandhānaśca durjano bhavati*

*Sujanastu kanakaghṭavād durbhedyāścāśusandhayaḥ*

Like an earthen pot which can easily crack and once cracked cannot be easily made whole again, a mean fellow falls out easily and cannot be befriended again. But, like a pot made of gold which does not crack easily and if it cracks it can be mended easily, a noble man falls out rarely and if he does, he can become a friend again easily.

— The Panchatantram

मूर्खोऽपि शोभते तावत् सभायां वस्त्रवेष्टितः ।

तावच्च शोभते मूर्खो वाक्त् किञ्चिन्न भाषते ॥

*Mūrkhopi śobhate tāvat sabhāyāṃ vastraveṣṭitaḥ*

*Tāvacca śobhate mūrkho yāvat kiñcinna bhāṣate*

The fool too can shine in an assembly if dressed in a dignified fashion — but he does so only till he has opened his mouth !

— The Samayochitapadyamalika





## THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN

Conflict between the gods and the demons continued for a long long time. The gods realised that in order to remain unvanquished, they must become immortals by drinking the nectar. They searched for the nectar amidst the hills of Sumeru.



Long was the search, but there was no fruit. At last Brahma revealed to the gods, that the thing they sought was to be had from the ocean which must be churned. That could be possible only by the co-operation of the demons.



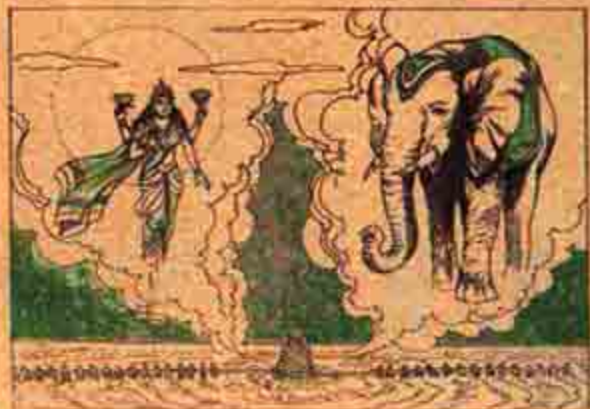
The demons agreed to co-operate with the gods in discovering the nectar. The Mandara mountain was to be used as the churning stick. But what about the rope? The gods prayed to the snake-king, Vasuki, to serve as the rope. Vasuki agreed.





The mountain would have sunk had not Vishnu incarnated as *Kurma*—the Tortoise—and kept it aloft. The churning went on for an aeon, the gods holding the tail and the demons holding the head of Vasuki.

Soon Vasuki began to emit terrible poison which, if allowed to spread, would have caused a havoc in the world. But, at the prayer of the gods, Shiva consumed the poison entirely. His throat looked blue. He came to be known as *Nilakantha*—the Blue-Throat.



Soon various things began emerging from the water: the moon, Goddess Lakshmi, and Airavata—a beautiful elephant, etc. But the gods and the demons did not relax their labour. They must find nectar.





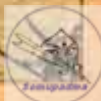
At last, with the pot of nectar in his hand, arose Dhanvantari—who was to become the physician of the gods.

The churning of the ocean thus came to a successful end.



The impatient demons at once scrambled for the nectar. The gods were alerted. They tried to save it from them. While Dhanvantari looked on helplessly, the demons and the gods fought, the former trying to take hold of the nectar and the latter preventing them.

Suddenly appeared on the scene a damsel of exquisite beauty. The fighting stopped. She offered to distribute the nectar among the contenders. So great was the spell she cast that the demons immediately agreed to her proposal.





It was Vishnu who had assumed the form of Mohini—the charming damsel. He knew that if the demons became immortal, their arrogance and falsehood would triumph over truth and the world would become a hell. Mohini began distributing the nectar among the gods.

One of the demons, Rahu, became suspicious of Mohini's motive. He assumed a god's form and got a share of the nectar. Next moment Vishnu came to know of it and his Sudarshana Chakra—the divine wheel—beheaded the demon before the nectar had gone down his throat.



It was too late when the demons woke up to the fact that there was no nectar left for them. By then the gods had grown immortal. They fought valiantly and drove the demons away from heaven and other spheres the latter had forcibly occupied.







## In Search of Life

Years ago, Raghav was a well known name in Chandrapur. Honest trade had brought him prosperity and he had a happy family life.

But bad luck struck him all on a sudden. Everything changed almost overnight. An epidemic killed his wife and all the children.

Disgusted with life, he retired into a forest. He raised a hut and lived peacefully, eating the fruits he could find and drinking from a stream. He devoted his time to meditation. Soon his mind grew pure and he had nothing but love for all the creatures of the forest.

As time passed the beasts of the forest grew accustomed to

him. He was not afraid of them and they did not harm him.

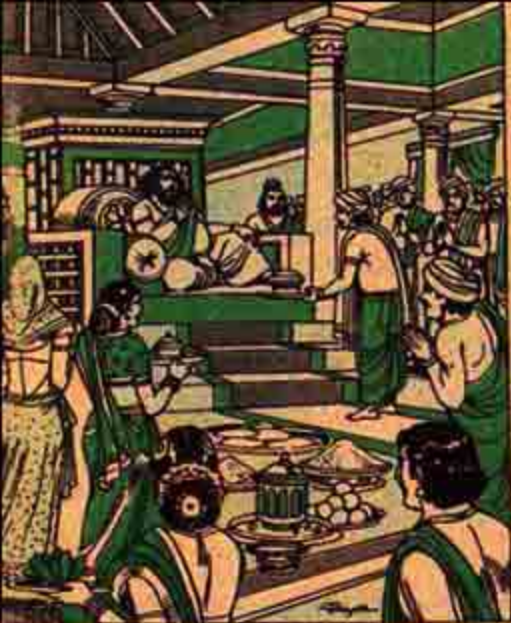
One morning, while he was plucking fruits from a tree, a tiger came near him and smelled him and went away with an affectionate growl. Raghav did not pay any more attention to the tiger than he would have paid to a pet cat!

But this was observed by a wood-cutter who, sensing the tiger's approach, had climbed a tree. His astonishment knew no bound. He kept on gazing at Raghav.

When the tiger was gone, the wood-cutter hopped down and fell flat at Raghav's feet.

"O Great Soul! Have pity on me. You, before whom





tiger behaves like a cat, must be a god in disguise," the wood-cutter muttered.

"Get up, fellow, get up!" commanded Raghav. "The tiger did not harm me simply because I had neither any fear nor any hatred for it. It is as simple as that. There is no miracle in it," he tried to explain.

But the wood-cutter was in no mood to understand Raghav's explanation. He ran to his village with great excitement and told the villagers what he had seen.

The villagers were left in no doubt about Raghav's great-

ness. They entered the forest in a procession and greeted Raghav, laying a variety of gifts at his feet. Although Raghav felt a little awkward, the innocence of the people pleased him and he prayed to God for their welfare.

The crowd was bigger the next day. People of several villages neighbouring the wood-cutter's heard about the great soul and they were not willing to be deprived of his blessings.

As days passed, more and more people came to see him. Among them were rich landlords and merchants. They soon built a nice house for Raghav and called him Baba Raghavji.

Raghav felt annoyed at times, but he had no other go than to bear with all this. But he missed his peace very much. "How happy I was at the beginning!" he often murmured to himself.

One day, from a far away village a young man and his wife were on their way to see the Baba. The husband, Sundar, was a handsome man sporting a beard and he resembled Raghav. They lost their way in the forest and were seen by a gang of thieves. The leader of the gang first mistook



as Raghav. By the time he realised his mistake, a novel idea had struck him.

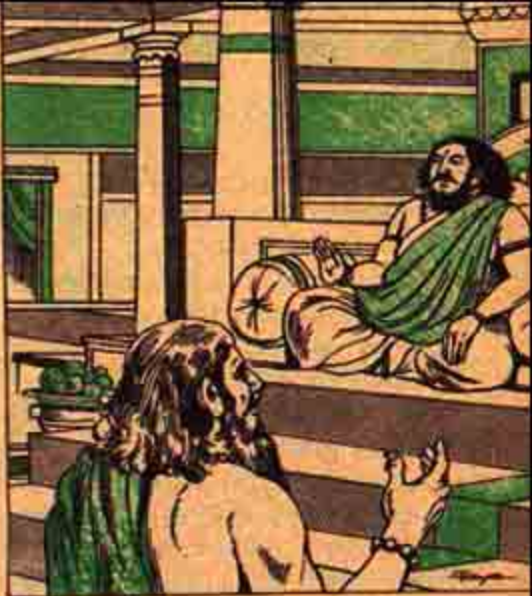
Soon Sundar and his wife were taken prisoners. Sundar was made to put an ochre robe. On the outskirts of the town lay deserted an old house. The thieves repaired it and obliged Sundar to sit there in a meditative pose. They also taught him to perform a few tricks.

The thieves then roamed about in the nearby villages and spread the news that a disciple of Baba Raghavji, who had become as great as his guru, was now willing to bless devotees.

Raghav lived in a remote area of the forest. If an equally powerful Baba was available nearby, what use trekking miles through the forest?

People now crowded around Sundar. He was popularly called Baba the Junior. Few went to see Raghav. Sundar produced several things by a sleight of hand and that had a hypnotic effect on the people. Large sums of money and other gifts were received by him. Needless to say, everything went to the gang of thieves.

Raghav was amused to hear about the fake disciple. He was not sorry that people stopp-



ed coming to him, but he was sorry that people were deceived in his name.

One evening Raghav went to see Sundar. He mingled with the crowd and listened to his discourse. After the devotees dispersed, he desired to talk to Baba the Junior in private. His request was granted.

"Will you please tell me something about your guru, Baba Raghavji?" asked Raghav.

"What can I say about that chosen soul sent by God?" replied Sundar.

"Well, what was his name before he became a guru?" asked Raghav.



"As soon as he was born, there was a heavenly voice heard. It said that the infant should be called Baba Raghavji," replied Sundar.

"When did you see your guru last?" queried Raghav.

"Well, well, I can see him in my vision any time I wish," replied Sundar.

"In that case you should be able to recognise me," said Raghav gravely.

Only then did Sundar begin to ask himself who this stranger could be. Although he had never seen Baba Raghavji, he knew how he looked. He gazed at Raghav with fear and asked, "Who are you?"

"The very man of whom you were speaking just now. Let us not waste time. Will you please tell me why you are deceiving the people?" demanded Raghav.

Sundar, on the verge of weeping, told him everything, Raghav understood that Sundar and his wife were prisoners in the hands of the thieves.

"I will love to live as an ordinary man again if you can rescue me from the gang," Sundar told Raghav in a whisper.

That was a festive night for the thieves. They were drunk. At midnight Sundar and his wife left the house, led by Raghav.

They reached Sundar's village. Raghav lived with Sundar and his wife as their guardian. He did not let anybody know of his spiritual achievement. Nobody came to bother him. He enjoyed a greater peace living in the locality than he had enjoyed in the forest.





## KABIR-The Child of Ram and Rahim

A thick mist hung over the Ganga that flowed by the city of Kasi. It was still dusky at dawn. All was quiet.

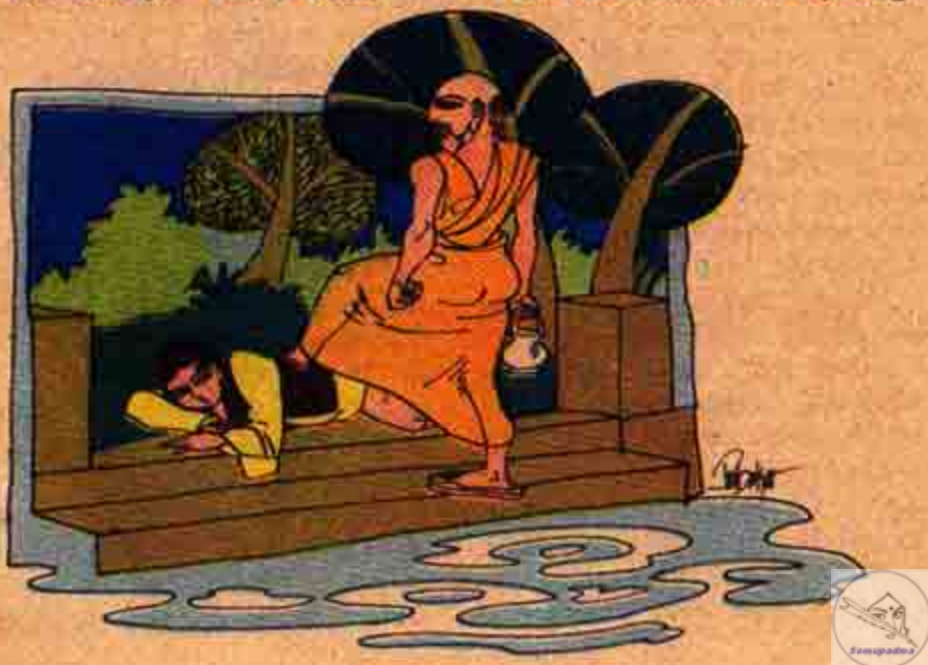
But the Vaishnava sage, Ramananda, was on his way to the river, as usual, to take a dip in the holy waters before the sunrise.

While descending the steps of the ghat leading to the river, he suddenly got a shock and uttered loudly, "Ram, Ram!"

He had unwittingly stepped on a man lying along a step.

"Ram, Ram," he uttered again as he helped the man to sit up. The man, however, far from expressing any anguish or surprise, put his head on the sage's feet and said happily, "My desire has been fulfilled. You have given me the mantra—the name of Ram. I am initiated!"

This was Kabir, then a young



man. He was an orphan, brought up by a Muslim couple. He was not sure if Ramananda, an orthodox guru, would accept him as a disciple. That is why he acted in this way.

But Ramananda understood the deep urge of the young man. He gladly welcomed him into his fold.

This was perhaps at the close of the fourteenth century. Kabir lived as a poor householder with his wife, a son and a daughter and earned a living through weaving. But soon people began to feel attracted to him. What he realised through his meditation, he taught through simple verses. Although his teachings offended the notions and ideals in which the society then believed, there was the force of conviction behind his words and that showed light to the people.

He said that those wishing to know the truth, must forget whether they were Hindus or Muslims. God was above creeds and rituals. He was neither confined in the mosque nor in the temple, but he dwelt in all beings and everywhere. Kabir declared himself as the child of Ram and Rahim and

accepted disciples from both Hindus and Muslims. His verses were addressed to the *sadhoo*—the good.

"Hindus and Muslims were the pots made of the same clay. Allah and Ram were but different names." God being the breath of all the life, the man searching for God in holy places was like the fish in the river looking for water to drink. Kabir laughed at them.

He asked the seekers never to lose faith. "O mind, be patient. There is a time for everything. The gardener goes on watering the plant day after day. The fruit comes out when the season for it comes."

As Kabir's popularity grew, some people became jealous of him. They complained against him to the Nawab and Kabir was ordered to leave Kasi. He was then very old—over a hundred years according to the popular belief. But he left Kasi for Maghar.

"If one dies at Maghar one is reborn as a donkey," someone informed Kabir, quoting a folk saying.

"Is it not fine to be born as a donkey and not as anything more ignoble?" replied Kabir out of both wit and humility.



He then explained that a sinner cannot be saved even if he died in Kasi; a devotee of God shall certainly achieve salvation even if he died at Maghar.

Kabir passed away at Maghar after a few years. Legend says that as his body lay covered by a shawl, his Muslim and Hindu disciples quarrelled about the mode of its disposal. They could not come to any settlement. One of them removed

the shawl from the body. Lo and behold! all that was there was a couple of lotus flowers. There was no trace of Kabir's body.

The Hindus took one lotus and the Muslims the other. The Hindus cremated this symbol of the master's body and built a tomb over the ashes. The Muslims buried the flower and built another tomb. The tombs stand side by side.



## PARABLES THAT JESUS TOLD

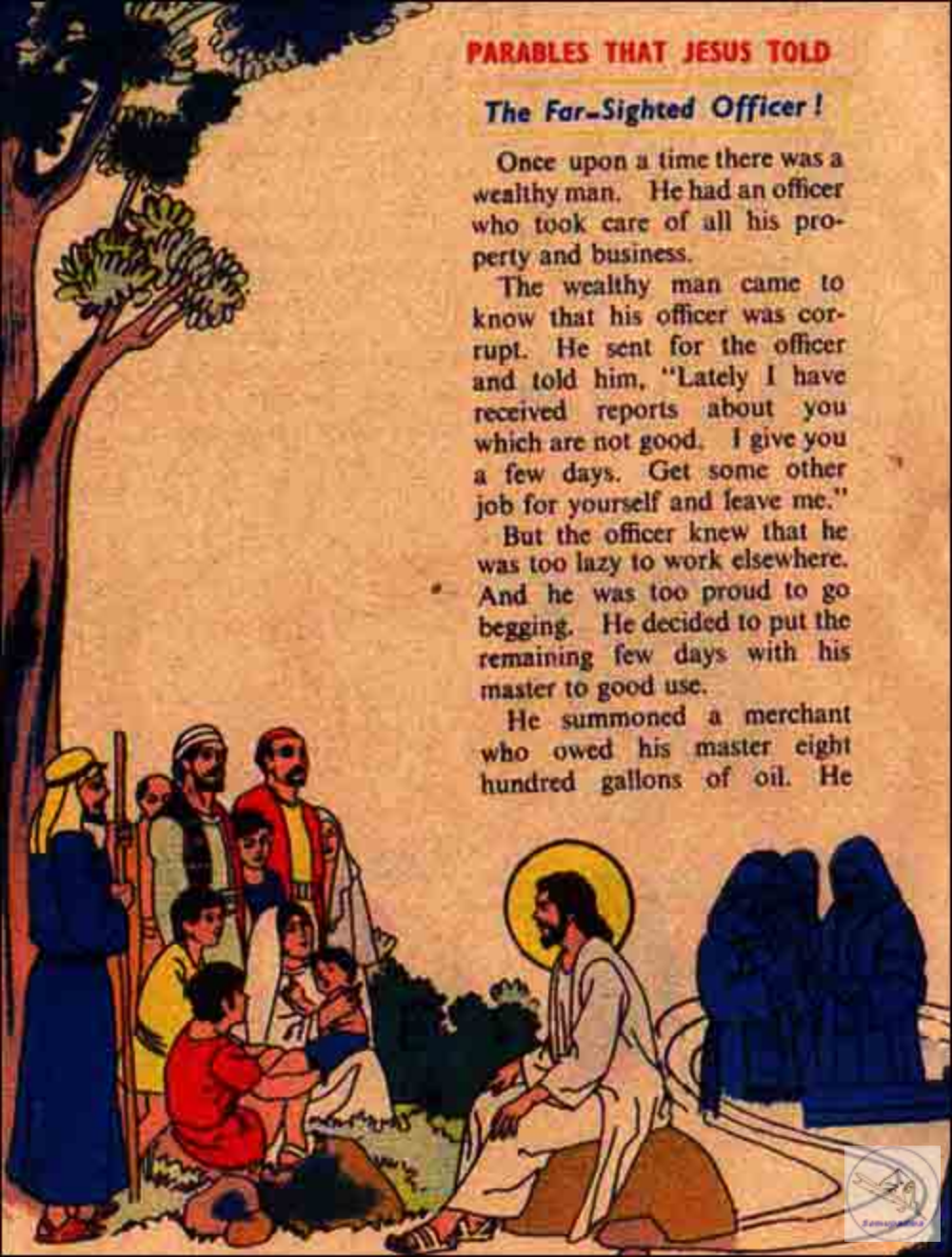
### *The Far-Sighted Officer !*

Once upon a time there was a wealthy man. He had an officer who took care of all his property and business.

The wealthy man came to know that his officer was corrupt. He sent for the officer and told him, "Lately I have received reports about you which are not good. I give you a few days. Get some other job for yourself and leave me."

But the officer knew that he was too lazy to work elsewhere. And he was too proud to go begging. He decided to put the remaining few days with his master to good use.

He summoned a merchant who owed his master eight hundred gallons of oil. He





then tore into pieces the document which recorded the debt and prepared a new one showing that the merchant had to give only four hundred gallons of oil.

He then summoned another merchant who too was carrying on business with his master and asked him, "What do you owe to my master?"

"A thousand bushels of wheat," was the reply. The officer tore the old document and prepared a new one showing that the fellow owed much less.

In this way he made several new friends with several rich men who, he believed, would take care of him when he had



lost his job!

Jesus Christ told this tale to show how cleverly people ensure their security for the future years. Yet, they never thought of their future after death! Such deceitful deeds might keep them in physical comfort for a few years, but they will never lead them to God—in whom alone is to be found the true and permanent security.

### ***The Judge Who Had To Yield***

In a certain city lived a judge who neither cared for God nor for man. He was never moved by emotions.

One day a widow who had been harassed by some neighbours appealed to him for justice. But he ignored the appeal. The widow, however, did not give up. She followed the judge wherever he went. She kept on repeating her appeal.

"Ah, this widow will wear me out with her complaint. I will have no peace until I give her justice," said the judge at last and he brought the widow's enemies to book.

Telling this story, Christ said, "If even a careless judge can be moved to action, don't you

think that God will surely give justice to his people who plead with him day and night?" And Christ said that what is important is an absolute faith in God.

### ***The Proud and the Humble***

One day two men entered a temple to pray. One was a self-righteous man who observed all the laws of religion. The other one was a tax-collector who often cheated people.

The first man said in his prayer, "I thank thee, God, that I am not a sinner like others—especially like that tax-collector over there! I do not cheat people. I do not rob. I am free from all wickedness. I fast twice in a week. I give thee one thenth of my income."

A few yards away stood the tax-collector. He even did not dare to lift his eyes. With deep sorrow in his heart, he exclaimed, "O God! Be merciful to me. I am a sinner!"

Giving this example, Christ said, "I tell you, this sinner, not that self-righteous fellow, returned home forgiven by God! For the proud shall be humbled, but the humble shall be honoured."





## THE FALSE BOON

The king of Shripur had a great fascination for hermits and mendicants. They were always free to walk into his court. The king valued their advice very much.

One day a hermit who had quite an impressive figure entered the court and showered his blessings on the king as loudly as possible. The king immediately offered him a dignified seat.

The hermit once looked at the courtiers and said, "O king, there are some kings in your neighbourhood who are jealous of you. One day they may decide to join hands and attack your kingdom. Have you taken any step to ward off such a

danger?"

"O great seer! I had never given a thought to it," confessed the king.

"That is unwise of you," observed the hermit. "If you wish, I can utter a mantra on the head of your general which will make him invincible. If your general can never be defeated, what fear have you from your enemies?"

"That is an excellent idea. Please do the needful," said the king and he sent a messenger to summon the general to the court.

The king's chief minister was not present in the court when this was going on. But he arrived soon and was amused

to find that preparations were afoot for the hermit to utter the mantra on the general's head.

"My lord, please do not allow this farce to go on," the chief minister appealed. The hermit felt awfully offended at these words and he left the court in a huff.

The king at once dismissed the court and charged the minister, saying, "How could you be so rude to such a powerful hermit?"

"My lord, let us lose no time. Let us find out what the hermit is doing now," said the minister.

Soon, donning disguises, the king and the minister went out and traced the hermit in his cottage. To his great surprise the king saw his general talking to the hermit in private. They soon found out that the hermit

was a well-known cheat who had been sent to the court by the general himself.

"How did you conclude that the hermit was a hoax as soon as you saw him?" the king asked his minister.

"From a simple fact, my lord. If the hermit meant your good, he should have proposed to make you invincible, not your general. In fact, the general wanted to create an impression in the court that he had become invincible. Thereafter if he rose in rebellion against you, he knew that all would keep quiet. Who would dare to go against one who was invincible? The false boon would have endangered your life."

The false hermit confessed of the conspiracy. Both he and the general had to receive punishment.





## TWO SUITORS

Thunder shook the earth and lightning revealed ghastly faces around King Vikram. But Vikram showed no sign of fear. He brought down the corpse from the tree and began to cross the burial ground with the corpse on his shoulder.

Suddenly the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "O King, I hope, there is nothing puzzling in the motive behind your action although I do not know what the motive is. But there are instances of princes whose actions are really puzzling. Take the case of Jayant, for example. Let me narrate his story to you. That should give you some relief."

The vampire went on: Chitrassen, the King of Alakapuri, had a lovely daughter named Mohini. Many a prince was eager to marry her. The king, however, thought it wise to leave it to Mohini herself to choose her bridegroom. According to the custom of the time, he invited all the eligible



princes of the neighbouring lands to be present in his palace on a certain day.

The day before the princes were to be presented before Princess Mohini for her to make her choice, she went out on a pleasure trip into a forest in the company of her maids. Inside the forest she saw a charming lake and despite her maids warning her against bathing in an unfamiliar lake, she plunged herself into it.

The water was cool and extremely soothing to the skin. The nature around was tranquil. Although the sun had not yet set, the forest looked

shady. The princess seemed to be in love with the waters. She splashed them at her maids and giggled joyfully.

A long time passed.

"Come up, princess, it is time to go," said the maids.

At last the princess heeded their request and stopped playing with the waters.

But as soon as she rose from the water her maids gave out shrieks of horror. Her appearance and colour had completely changed. She looked rather ugly. When the princess realised this, she too wept. But she had nothing to do but curse her bad luck.

Needless to say, the king and the queen grew awfully sad when they saw what had become of their daughter. They immediately summoned the best physicians. But the physicians said that the princess did not suffer from any disease that they could cure her. The lake must have been under a curse.

A yogi happened to have come to pass a night in the palace on his way to some distant destination. When he was consulted, he sat down in meditation for a while and then said that although what had befallen the princess was no ordi-



nary ailment, it was curable. She has to drink a little water from a lake called Sanjivi. That alone can restore her lost looks to her.

"Where is this lake Sanjivi?" asked the anxious king. But the yogi had no reply for it. He just walked away.

Next day, before the gathering of the princes, the king's minister announced, "We regret to inform you, O our honoured guests, that our princess has suddenly been struck by a strange ailment. She has lost her charming looks and colour. She can get back her lost self again only by drinking the water of a lake called Sanjivi. Whosoever of you, O brave princes, can find out the lake and fetch a little water first, he will win the hand of the princess."

All kept quiet, but Jayant, the prince of Malav, stepped forward at once and said gravely, "I will set forth in quest of the lake. I am sure, I can brave all possible dangers and fetch the water."

The minister and the princes applauded his announcement. After Jayant left them, they dispersed.

But one more prince, Vijay of Vijaypuri, did not return to



his own land. He proceeded to the very forest which the princess had visited and saw the lake. "If there is a curse in this lake, there may be in the lake some secret by which to get over the curse too," he thought and kept on sitting on the bank of the lake.

Jayant, in quest of the lake, soon entered another forest. He took rest at night in a deserted temple. At midnight he was suddenly charged by a wolf. Luckily he was alert and he immediately beheaded the beast with his sword. Out of the slain beast emerged a **gundharva**. He told Jayant that



curse had changed him into the beast. He was delighted to be released from the curse through the prince's action.

The gundharva was desirous of helping Jayant in some way or the other. Jayant wanted to know the way to the lake Sanjivi. "My friend! Lake Sanjivi is situated amidst the far away Meru hills. You would have grown old by the time you reach there," said the gundharva.

"I have proudly announced before an august gathering of princes that I will fetch the water. Hence I must proceed there even if I am to die in the

process," replied Jayant.

The gundharva kept quiet for a moment. Then he smiled and said, "In that case, my dear prince, you may put on my pair of sandals. This should take you there instantly. After you have gathered the water you can return here in the twinkling of an eye. I will wait here for you. Do not go anywhere else."

Jayant put on the sandals and took off for the lake.

In the meanwhile, while sitting on the bank of the lake which had disfigured Princess Mohini, Vijay observed a hermit entering the water and coming out of it after several dips without losing anything of his looks!

Vijay at once fell at the hermit's feet and said, "O great soul! The lake disfigured the princess whereas it failed to mar your figure. Kindly impart to me the secret whereby the princess can recover her lost beauty."

"My boy, this lake was created by me by my yogic power. Nobody but myself is expected to bathe in it. There is only one way for the princess to get back her lost beauty. If you take a dip in the water and



turn ugly, the princess would come out of the curse," said the hermit.

"I agree to the condition," said Vijay. He then jumped into the lake. When he came out of it, he had grown ugly. He returned to the palace and narrated his experience to the king. All were happy to see that the princess had got back her beauty.

At that very moment Jayant arrived there with the water from lake Sanjivi. "I have brought the magic water. Let the princess get back her lost beauty by drinking this and marry me as promised."

All stood silent and pensive. The king and the minister did not know who should be accepted as the bridegroom for the princess. Although it was Vijay who had been responsible for the restoration of Mohini's beauty, he had himself grown ugly. Jayant had risked his life for the sake of fetching the magic water and he was a charming young man.

The princess looked at Jayant and asked, "Has the water you have brought really the magic power?"

"You doubt it, do you? Well, then let us try the water on Prince Vijay." Jayant then let



Vijay drink the water. But he hardly waited to see the result. He left the palace immediately and proceeded towards his own land. Vijay got back his lost looks as soon as he drank the water. The princess was duly married to him.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram, "O King, why did Jayant behave in this manner? Through the change in the appearance of Vijay it was proved beyond doubt that the water he had brought was genuine. Why then did he abandon his claim to marry the princess and leave in a huff? I warn you, O King, that if you know the answers to my questions but choose to keep mum, your head would roll off your neck!"

Replied King Vikram, "There

is nothing puzzling in Jayant's behaviour. He was more interested in his prestige than in the princess. This was evident from the manner of his announcement before the princes and again before the gundharva. Secondly, he could easily feel that the princess herself was inclined towards Vijay despite Vijay's ugly looks. Had she been enamoured of Jayant's charming appearance she would have kept quiet. She had no business to give vent to her doubt about the water. Jayant was proud that he had fulfilled the mission he had undertaken to prove himself superior to the other princes. That was satisfaction enough for him."

No sooner had the king finished delivering the answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





## A LOAN FOR THE NEXT LIFE

"Nobody can deceive or swindle me," boasted Govind. "Do not say so," his friend Ramesh told him.

Ramesh was a talented actor. He allowed a few months to pass. One day he put on a false beard and donned tattered and dirty clothes and shouted for alms before Govind's door.

"I do not give alms to beggars," Govind told him.

"Give me some money as loan then," pleaded Ramesh.

"Sorry," said Govind.

"Good heavens! What will happen to the fellow in his next birth?" muttered Ramesh.

"What did you say?" demanded Govind.

"You see, I was a wealthy man in my previous birth. But I was the worst of misers. That is why I am so miserable in this life. The same fate awaits you in your next birth," replied Ramesh.

Govind brought out a small coin and said, "I can give this as a loan to you. When can you pay this back?"

"In my next life," replied Ramesh.

"Perhaps I have to appear before your door as a beggar to get this back in my next life? Better I keep it to myself," said Govind and he put the coin back in his pocket.





# The Strange

It was a moonlit night and after a day's work a housemaid was enjoying the tranquillity of the sleeping city of London from her room on the roof. She saw a kind-looking old man walking the street. From the other side came another man holding in his hand a heavy cane.

The old man enquired something of the other fellow. But instead of replying to the query, the fellow suddenly broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the ground. With an ape-like fury, he then trampled the old man under foot and hailed down a storm of blows till his victim was dead.

The maid had recognised the killer, for, he had once come to meet her master. His name was Mr. Hyde.

Who was this Hyde? Why did he commit this gruesome murder? The Scotland Yard was taken up with the question. And what came to light

was startling.

Dr. Jekyll, a physician, believed that man had two kinds of emotions in him, good and evil. He prepared a drug by taking which he could personify all his evil emotions and become altogether a different man for a while. By taking an antidote he could again become his good old self.

Dr. Jekyll named his evil personality Mr. Hyde. As Mr. Hyde he gave a free reign to his evil impulses and did many a mischief and committed the murder described above.

But a time came when this evil personality of Dr. Jekyll gained the upperhand on his normal self. He turned into Mr. Hyde even without taking the drug. And the antidote which used to change Mr. Hyde into Dr. Jekyll again, was found to be losing its effect.

Dr. Jekyll had foreseen a time when he might cease to be Dr. Jekyll and live as Mr. Hyde.





# Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



He had made a will bequeathing all his property to the so called Mr. Hyde. His lawyer friend who had been entrusted with the will was never happy with Mr. Hyde whom he had chanced to see and who looked cruel and repulsive. But how could he have ever imagined that Mr. Hyde was none other than another self of the gentle Dr. Jekyll?

However, after the murder the search for Mr. Hyde continued relentlessly. When Dr. Jekyll realised that the net was getting close upon him, he took his own life. The story of his strange experiment was found in an account he left for his friends.

*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* by R. L. Stevenson (1850-94) was published in 1886. The story of his *Treasure Island* has already been told earlier. The phrase *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* means the two mutually opposed aspects of one character.





## A Night in the Jungle

This happened long, long ago, when giants lived in the neighbourhood of men. Shyam had lost his parents in his childhood. A gentleman named Sundar took pity on him and brought him up. Sundar was anxious that Shyam should become fit to earn his own livelihood as soon as possible. He goaded the boy to learn a variety of things and chided him and even beat him when the boy failed to do something according to his expectation.

The result was not as Sundar expected. Shyam had a lopsided development of his character. While on one hand he was quite intelligent and courageous, on the other hand he

behaved abnormally when excited. He always felt nervous in Sundar's presence.

But he was very good at play and sports. He could remain and swim under water for a long time. That was a spectacular feat for others.

Shyam grew up to be a young man and Sundar thought that it was time he went to live on his own. His father had left some property for him. Sundar built a new house for Shyam and decided to get him married before sending him to live separately.

A gentleman of a neighbouring village had a daughter of marriageable age and one day Sundar led Shyam to see the girl.



On their way Sundar told Shyam, "Be careful in your conduct. Leave your shoes at the threshold of the gentleman's house and occupy a chair."

He exhorted him again and again to remember this. Shyam was quite confused. On arrival at the gentleman's house, he took off his shoes and put them in a chair and himself sat at the threshold of the house.

The gentleman was shocked at the young man's conduct. He concluded that Shyam was insane. He politely refused to give his daughter in marriage to the young man.

On their way back, the fuming Sundar told Shyam, "You fool! Take it from me that in this wide world no man would be stupid enough to give his daughter to you!"

Shyam took his guardian's words literally. He left the house at night and walked into the nearby forest sulking about his humiliation.

"No man will give his daughter in marriage to me, is it? Well then, I must some day find out the daughter of someone who was not a man," Shyam told himself as he walked faster and faster.

Unmindfully, he entered a



cave inside which lay asleep a giant. It would have been natural for Shyam, like any other boy, to avoid the giant. But he was in a different mood. "Here is a creature who is not a human being. Maybe, he won't mind giving me his daughter if he has one!" he thought to himself.

In order to impress the giant with his strength he suddenly caught him by his hair and shouted, "Although I am not a giant, I am as strong as one. Why not marry your daughter to me?"

The giant yelled in pain. He lifted up Shyam and was about

to set his teeth on him when his wife rushed in from an inner cave and stopped him.

It so happened that the giant-couple had a daughter and there was no suitable young giant available in that region to marry her.

"It would be fine if we can get such a handsome human lad to marry our daughter. Our prestige would go up," the giantess counselled her husband.

Although the giant was not quite enthusiastic about making a son-in-law of what could be a nice dish for him, he allowed his wife to have her way with the young man.

The giantess apologised to Shyam for her husband's ill conduct and fed him with sweet fruits.

"Where is your daughter, by the way?" Shyam asked.

"She is in the habit of wandering in the forest till midnight. You better go to sleep now. You will see her at the night time," said the giantess.

Shyam was tired. He fell asleep soon. At the mouth of the cave sat the giantess, guarding him.

Her daughter returned at midnight.

"Great news, daughter!" exclaimed the giantess. "Here is





your bridegroom, at last!"

The giant-girl was amused. When her mother was showing Shyam to her, Shyam slightly opened his eyes and had a glimpse of his proposed bride. He shivered in despair at what he saw.

"Mummy! This lad appears to be made of butter. Please allow me to eat him," pleaded the daughter.

"What nonsense do you speak!" chided her mother. "He is a brave young man and will make such a fine match for you. Haven't you eaten a hundred human beings? How much do you lose if you spare one?"

"All right, mother, I will not eat him. But what about father? Do you really believe that he will be able to restrain himself? He will soon be hungry enough to forget all about the proposed marriage and eat him up!" said the girl.

"My clever daughter, that is the reason why I am guarding the mouth of the cave. But I am feeling sleepy. Will you stand guard for a while so that I can enjoy a few winks of sleep?" asked the giantess.

"Gladly, mummy," responded the daughter.

But before long the giant-girl felt a great urge to eat up



Shyam. She made sure that both her parents were asleep. Coming stealthily to Shyam, she gave him a shake and whispered, "I am the bride. Come out of the cave, let us marry right now. It will be such a pleasant surprise to my parents to see us as man and wife in the morning!"

Shyam who had heard the dialogue between the mother and the daughter, could easily guess what was in the giant-girl's mind. Nevertheless, he followed her and came out of the cave.

"We must go to another cave where lives our priest," said the giant-girl.

"That is all right. But what about the dowry?" demanded Shyam.

"Wait a minute," said the giant-girl and she fetched a box

full of gold, sapphire and diamond. Shyam received the box with thanks and followed the girl. As soon as they came near the river, he said, "I must bathe before marrying you. That is a sacred custom." And he jumped into the river along with the box and disappeared. The giant girl waited and waited till she felt sleepy.

"A crocodile must have swallowed up him," she murmured to herself before returning to her cave.

But Shyam swam under the water as long as he could. He then emerged on the outskirts of the forest and ran home.

With the wealth gained from the giants he became a merchant and prospered well. He married in a respectable family and lived happily for many years.







## ROBBERS OF SUVARNAPUR

The people of the city of Suvarnapur were quite worried—and so too was their king, for a gang of robbers plundered house after house. Not only the guards of the city failed to catch the culprits, but also the king's soldiers proved ineffective in this regard.

The king ordered the general of his army, Randhir, to pay personal attention to the issue. But weeks rolled by and the robbers were as active as ever. It was obvious that Randhir would not succeed in bringing them to book.

Thereafter the king took it upon himself to look for the gang. He patrolled the city at night, accompanied by Ran-

dhir. No robbery took place during those nights, but the gang was not caught.

The king's wise old minister was ill. He had not attended the court for several months. The worried king met him and acquainted him with the problem. The minister told him, "My lord, I will resume my duty in the court from tomorrow. In the meanwhile let me think out a plan for catching the gang."

The king returned to his palace with some consolation. Next day he waited for the minister's arrival with great eagerness. Upon his arrival, the minister told the king with some anxiety, "My lord!

can tackle the gang later. What deserves our urgent attention is a possible invasion of our frontier by the neighbouring king. I have received some secret information about it. I suggest that our general be sent to the frontier with our army, forthwith."

The king summoned General Randhir and ordered him to proceed to the frontier.

The general returned after a fortnight and told the king, "There is no sign of any attack on our frontier. The minister's information was nothing but trash."

Turning to the minister, the general then said, "I wish, instead of exercising your mind on imaginary problems, you give some thought to solving a real problem like that of the robbery in our city!"

"Thank you for your suggestion, Randhir, I will now do whatever possible to capture the robbers. As the first step towards that, let us capture the leader of the gang," said the minister and he looked at the king. The king nodded. Instantly the general was arrested by the royal guards. It was not difficult to arrest the members of the gang too.

"How did it occur to you first that our general could be the leader of the robbers?" the king asked his minister.

"It occurred to me when I was told that there was no robbery when the general was patrolling the city with you. When he was sent to the frontier, the robbery stopped again. During his absence, we of course gathered other evidences against him," replied the minister.







## VEER HANUMAN

Rama and Ravana confronted each other. Each seemed enveloped in a shower of arrows from the other.

This was the most awe-inspiring phase in the battle. The skill and swiftness in handling the weapons which the two adversaries showed had never been seen before. With wonder and amazement the Vanaras and the demons kept on looking at the two.

Suddenly Ravana applied the terrible shaft of the gundharvas against Rama. But Rama was certainly not lagging behind his adversary in the use of such supernatural weapons! He cut the advancing arrow asunder by a more powerful arrow shot by himself.

Ravana felt consumed in his

heart by rage. He shot what is known as the demon's shaft—a rare stuff which produced innumerable serpents in the air. When Rama saw them coming wriggling through the clouds towards him, he shot the shaft of Garuda which at once produced a number of birds belonging to the species of the holy bird of Vishnu, Garuda. They caught the advancing serpents and gulped them all.

The desperate Ravana decided to put to use a few of the last weapons from his reserve. He picked up one of them, Vajrayudha or the thunder-shaft, and shouted, "Rama! You have killed many of my kinsmen. Hence you deserve this terrible reward. Come on, take it!"

And he shot the shaft.



It roared like a thunder and advanced towards Rama who was alert enough to send several shafts to check it. But they were reduced to ashes as soon as they touched the enemy's shaft.

Realising how powerful the fast advancing shaft was, Rama at last applied against it one of those select shafts gifted to him by Indra. This worked. Ravana's shaft got smashed to pieces.

Thereafter Rama continued to harass Ravana with a variety of arrows—so much so that the demon-king's charioteer could understand that his master was beginning to feel undone. He

turned the chariot and retreated.

But the charioteer's action did not please Ravana. He told him wrathfully, "How dare you retreat without my permission? Have you been bribed by my enemies to humiliate me? I command you to take the vehicle back to face Rama again".

The charioteer was non-plussed. He then gathered courage and said, "O King! How do you doubt my integrity? Am I not your foremost well-wisher? I drove the chariot away because you were not in a position to withstand the terrific force with which Rama was attacking you. You seemed tired. Our horses too were exhausted and they needed a little respite. These are the causes of my action. As your charioteer, should I not know what is right and what is wrong? However, let me know what you wish me to do now."

Ravana became pleased with his charioteer and immediately rewarded him with a precious ornament, and said, "No, I am not tired. Let me face Rama again."

The charioteer immediately turned the vehicle and reappeared before Rama.





But by then Rama himself was in no mood to continue his fierce onslaught. In the meanwhile a number of gods had arrived there to witness the fighting. With them had come Agastya, the great sage. Wishing to give Rama's spirit a boost, he taught him a certain special hymn.

As Rama recited the hymn, his drooping mood changed and he felt spirited again. He told his charioteer, "Matali! It is high time I killed Ravana. Lead the chariot accordingly. You are no ordinary charioteer, but one who has guided Indra through battles. You know your work best."

Matali felt highly inspired. He loudly cheered his horses and drove the chariot into the battlefield at such a great speed that it seemed as if he meant the rising dust to envelop Ravana's chariot!

As soon as Ravana noticed Rama's return he began raining arrows. But that did not deter Matali from leading the chariot closer to the demon-king.

In no time the battle grew fearful. Warriors of both the camps stopped fighting and observed the battle between Rama and Ravana with amazement.



After a while a mighty shaft sent by Rama cut off Ravana's head. But instantly there popped up another head on the demon-king's shoulder. Rama, cut off the new head too. But there popped up yet another head.

Rama was surprised at such a phenomenon. He could not understand how the very shaft by which he had earlier succeeded in killing the notorious demons Viradha and Kabandha should prove ineffectual in Ravana's case.

But it was no surprise to Matali. He knew that if Ravana still survived Rama's most heroic assault, it was because



cause the moment of his doom had not yet arrived.

The battle continued for seven days and nights. On the eighth day Matali realised that Ravana's last hour had come. "My lord!" he told Rama, "Now is the time to concentrate on the demon-king's destruction. Please use the weapon of Brahma to bring it about."

Rama picked up the particular shaft at Matali's suggestion. It was a luminous shaft once created by Lord Brahma for Indra's use. Rama greeted the shaft with the prescribed hymn and sent it flying against the demon-king. The winged shaft shook the earth with its sound

and sped like a string of lightning and pierced through Ravana's chest. The bow fell off Ravana's hand. His lifeless body rolled down to the ground.

The demons gave out shrieks of horror. The Vanaras found in it an excellent opportunity to kill a large number of them.

As Ravana fell, from heaven came the sound of the drum of the gods—along with a shower of flowers. Rama's glory was sung by the gods and the gandharvas. Indescribably great was the joy of Angada, Sugriva and the other heroes.

However, it was different with Vibhishana. Although he rejoiced at Rama's triumph, he could not help feeling sad at his brother's death. He brooded over the virtues of Ravana—his scholarship and courage. It was a pity that his evil nature should bring all the virtues to nought—thought Vibhishana.

Rama consoled Vibhishana, saying, "Don't you grieve. Ravana has not died like a coward. He fought like a true hero till the end. It is hard to come across another brave warrior like him."

With Rama's permission Vibhishana gave his attention



to urgent matters developing out of Ravana's death.

In the meanwhile the demon-women had come out to the battlefield. They surrounded Ravana's corpse and wailed. They lamented Ravana's action of kidnapping Sita which ultimately destroyed him. Mandodari wept bitterly saying that it was an irony of fate that her husband who had conquered the three worlds should die at the hands of a human being.

"Vibhishana! Ask the women to retire into the fort. Then make preparations for the due disposal of Ravana's body without further delay," Rama told Vibhishana.

Vibhishana was wondering if Ravana deserved all the holy funeral rites. The demon-king, no doubt, had many virtues. But the catalogue of his sins was not short either.

But Rama put his doubts to rest. "Despite all his outrageous actions, he deserves a traditional funeral," he told Vibhishana.

Ravana's deadbody was clad in ornaments and flowers and laid on a heap of sandal-wood. Vibhishana put fire to the mound. The fearful tyrant was soon reduced to ashes.

The gods who had assembled to witness the battle left for their spheres singing Rama's praise all the while.

Rama then expressed his gratefulness to Matali and sent him back to Indra along with the chariot. Escorted by Lakshmana and Sugriva, he returned to his camp and asked Lakshmana to make the proper arrangements for Vibhishana's coronation as the new king of Lanka.

CONTD.





## LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

# The Blaze in the Seas

Have you ever heard a mariner telling his tales? If yes, you might have heard from him how at times a blaze is noticed in the sea. It could be beautiful, it could be fearful.

Such a glow can of course be explained by science, but one of the legends of India has an explanation for it too.

Long, long ago there lived a king named Kritavirya. He gave a huge amount of wealth to the Brahmins belonging to the dynasty of Bhrigu, for, they were his priests.

The Bhrigus became rich and they continued to be rich for generations. However, the descendants of Kritavirya became

poorer and poorer.

"The Bhrigus are prosperous because of our forefathers. It is their duty to help us, now that we have fallen into bad days," said a prince and others agreed with him. The princes decided to go and ask the Bhrigus to part with portions of their wealth for the descendants of their patrons.

When the Bhrigus heard about the approach of the princes, some of them took to hiding. Others hid their wealth and pleaded inability to help the begging princes.

At first the princes thought that the Brahmins were speaking the truth. But when they heard



the same plea in the house of a certain Bhrigu who, the princes were sure, was very rich, they grew furious. They dug his floor and found a heap of wealth. They rejoiced in their discovery, but because the Bhrigus were trying to deceive them, they started killing them.

Whoever of the Bhrigus fell before them was killed. Even the children were not spared. The women of the Bhrigus escaped into the Himalayas. The cruel princes pursued them to see if any of them was carrying a child in her womb, for, they were determined to put an end to the dynasty of Bhrigu.

They had already usurped all the property of the Bhrigus and they did not want a Bhrigu to claim it in future.

One of the Bhrigu women was about to give birth to a child when the princes found her out. But it was a great soul that was to be born of her. As soon as the princes caught hold of the woman, the child came out of her womb and faced them.

It was a dazzlingly luminous child. Over and above that, he was full of wrath. As soon as the princes' eyes fell on the glowing infant, they were struck blind!

Now was the time for the



princes to repent for their arrogance and rashness. They wept and prayed to the child and his mother for the restoration of their vision.

Great was the compassion of the child. He restored to the princes their vision. But he could not get over his anguish at the murder of his innocent father and all the other Bhrigus. He sat in deep penance, as if daring the heavens to answer his question.

Soon the spirits of the dead Bhrigus appeared before him and explained to him that they desired to ascend heaven quickly. They could not have done so by killing themselves, as suicide was a grave sin.

Hence they allowed the princes to kill them. Had they so wished, they could have protected themselves through resistance or escape.

The infant boy was satisfied in his mind. But the passion of anger that had been aroused in him continued to torment him. What to do with that wrath? The spirits advised him to throw it into the ocean.

So did the boy; he threw his wrath into the blue expanse of waters. It wanders there in the form of a kind of fire. Its flashes are seen from time to time.

The *Mahabharata* tells us that Ourva was the name of this infant Bhrigu.







## The World of Magic THE STRANGE FINGER

"Hail to the king! Our commander, Surjit, has defeated the army of Vairavgarh. He is now entering our city at the head of the victory procession," announced a herald to the king of Ratnapur, Jivansen.

King Jivansen was delighted. "I must go out to receive our brave commander," he announced as he stood up.

"But, my lord! I deeply regret to inform you that in the battle the commander has lost a finger from his left hand," reported the herald.

The king sank into his throne in utter despair. According to the tradition of the kingdom one who lost a limb could not continue to command the army. But without Surjit as his commander, King Jivansen would be nowhere. That was a bad time for Ratnapur when two or

three kings of the neighbourhood had turned hostile to Jivansen and were trying to grab parts of his kingdom. It was the faithful and valiant Surjit who foiled their plans.

Besides, King Jivansen had a great love for Surjit. They were pals in their childhood. As Jivansen ascended the throne after his father's death, Surjit took over the command of the army after the death of the old commander, his father. Surjit had saved his young master from many a danger.

King Jivansen did not go out to receive his victorious commander. Instead, he sat gloomy. However, Surjit met him soon and said, "My lord, I understand your agony at my misfortune. Don't you worry. I will remain with you all my life".





"It is not enough that you remain with me, if I cannot avail of your service as my commander," said the king.

There was no answer to this. The council of ministers remained silent. It was Subir, the court magician, who spoke first, "Cannot the old law change?"

"How can it change unless God Himself wills it?" replied the prime minister. Other ministers nodded their agreement.

"But we have never tried to ascertain God's will!" said Subir. He then looked at the priest and said, "Punditji, you are a great soul. Why don't you sit in meditation and try

to know God's will in this regard?"

Punditji obviously was not sure if God's will could be ascertained that easily! But before he had said anything Subir looked at him meaningfully. He kept quiet.

After the others dispersed, Subir took hold of the priest's arm and led him into a corner. "Punditji, I am afraid, it is a matter of life and death for all of us. The king is feeling extremely nervous. That might lead to his falling sick. If the enemies come to know that Surjit is no more our commander and the king himself is sick, they will invade our kingdom in no time. You can imagine our fate."

"I realise the gravity of the situation. But how can I help it?" asked the priest. Subir whispered his plan in his ear.

Next day, the priest appeared before the king while the ministers were present and said, "Something extraordinary happened this morning!"

"What is it?" queried the king.

"As I sat in meditation, a crow flew close to me and said, 'Who says that the commander has lost his finger? It has only



become invisible. It is in a different world, still alive. He should continue to hold his position.' I asked if I can get any proof that the finger is there in a different world—still alive. Next moment I saw a small box lying on my lap. I opened it and saw its content. It was a finger. It had grown blue, but it made a movement as I looked at it, proving that it was alive. The crow advised me to throw it into the temple pond before sunset."

"This is really strange. Can't we once have a look at the finger?" asked the king.

"Well, my lord, since the crow has not forbidden me to show it to you, I have no objection to your having a look at it. Be pleased to visit the temple before sunset.

Late in the afternoon the king arrived in the temple ac-

companied by his ministers. In solemn silence the priest brought out a small box, not bigger than a match-box, and held it before the king. Then, slowly, he removed its cover. Inside was seen a bluish finger.

"Let the finger give a sign of life!" uttered the priest. Next moment it was seen to make a sudden movement.

The king and the ministers were satisfied about the sanctity of the crow's message. It was decided to retain Surjit in the position he held.

Magician Subir was waiting for the priest on the bank of the pond. With a smile he took away the box. The box had a hole at the bottom through which the priest had thrust his own finger. It looked as if the box contained the finger. The priest had of course coloured his finger blue. *Mr. A. C. Sorcer*





## THE SURE CURE!

Kirtipur was a big village with several well-to-do families living in it. Raghavacharya, the physician, was the pride of the village. He was a great scholar in Ayurveda, the ancient Indian medical science, and cured innumerable patients of difficult diseases.

Raghavacharya's only son, Sundaracharya, never cared to learn the science properly despite his father's repeated endeavours to teach him. He whiled away his time in the company of a few vagabonds.

But after Raghavacharya died, Sundar had to pay attention to the profession for sake of his livelihood.

People knew that he was in-

sincere, but they spoke among themselves, "If the son knows one fourth of what his great father knew, he should prove a good enough physician."

But the son alone knew that he did not possess even a hundredth part of his father's knowledge. However, he tried to manage with bombastic words and a bit of acting. At times he endangered his patient's life through wrong treatment, but the people took them as cases of bad luck!

A few years later a young villager named Ram Sharma returned to the village after his training as a physician and set up practice. His arrival coincided with a critical illness



late teens. Chandrakant ascended the throne. By then Shekhar Sharma had grown quite old and was leading a retired life. The new king had as his priest and chief adviser Pravin, Shekhar Sharma's son.

One day, while hunting, Chandrakant unwittingly killed a man. The sacred book prescribed equal punishment for all—king or the commoners. For his crime through negligence the king was to be imprisoned for ten years.

But Pravin loved the new king too much to let him be punished. He met Shekhar Sharma and said, "Father! If

the book was written at God's direction, tell me how to please God and change the law with His approval."

"Fool! I had resorted to God's name so that the book is considered inviolable. Otherwise a king could turn a tyrant," replied Shekhar Sharma.

This confession emboldened Pravin to declare that God had directed him to add a new principle in the sacred book. According to that the law cannot apply to the king and the commoner in the same way. The king, who has great responsibilities has to be above the ordinary law!





## The Sacred Book

The king of Chandanpur died suddenly without leaving any heir. Several kinsmen of the king aspired to get the throne. However, a young man, Suryakant, ultimately occupied it through the help of Shekhar Sharma, the royal priest.

The rival candidates did not take it lying down. They conspired against Suryakant and even tried to kill him. But Suryakant was brave and clever. He was also popular. With Shekhar Sharma's guidance he managed to outwit his rivals one by one. Some fled the kingdom; a few who plotted against Suryakant's life were imprisoned. Soon there was peace in the kingdom.

Shekhar Sharma was widely respected. On an auspicious day he presented the new king with a book and said, "I have written this as directed by God. This contains the code of conduct which you and your successors should follow in ruling the kingdom. You will be a sinner before God if you do anything violating the principles laid down in this book."

King Suryakant received the sacred book with humility. He studied it thoroughly and modeled his government according to the ideals put forth in the book. He was respected by all as a man of principles.

Suryakant died when his son Chandrakant was in his





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Thus was Chandrakant spared punishment.

A few years passed. The commander of the army killed the king through a treacherous conspiracy and occupied the throne. Pravin was deeply agrieved at his dear friend Chandrakant's murder.

Soon the usurper summoned Pravin and demanded his allegiance. But Pravin told him to his face, "You are a murderer. You should be punished with death!"

"But being the king, I am above law!" replied the usurper.

"You were not the king when you killed Chandrakant," retorted Pravin.

"Right. That is why I want your help. Add a new principle in the sacred book saying that once one had become the king, he was free from the consequence of all he might have

done before!" demanded the usurper.

"I will never do that!" blurted out Pravin.

"In that case you die!" said the usurper sternly, brandishing his sword.

Pravin stood stupefied. He realised the gravity of the situation and announced the addition of a new principle in the sacred book.

But the usurper soon proved a great tyrant. Pravin secretly mobilised the people against him. At last there was a mass rebellion in the kingdom and the usurper was killed. A new king was chosen by the leading citizens.

"I declare that the sacred book is cancelled. Henceforth the king should govern the land according to the advice of the experts and the wish of the people," announced Pravin.



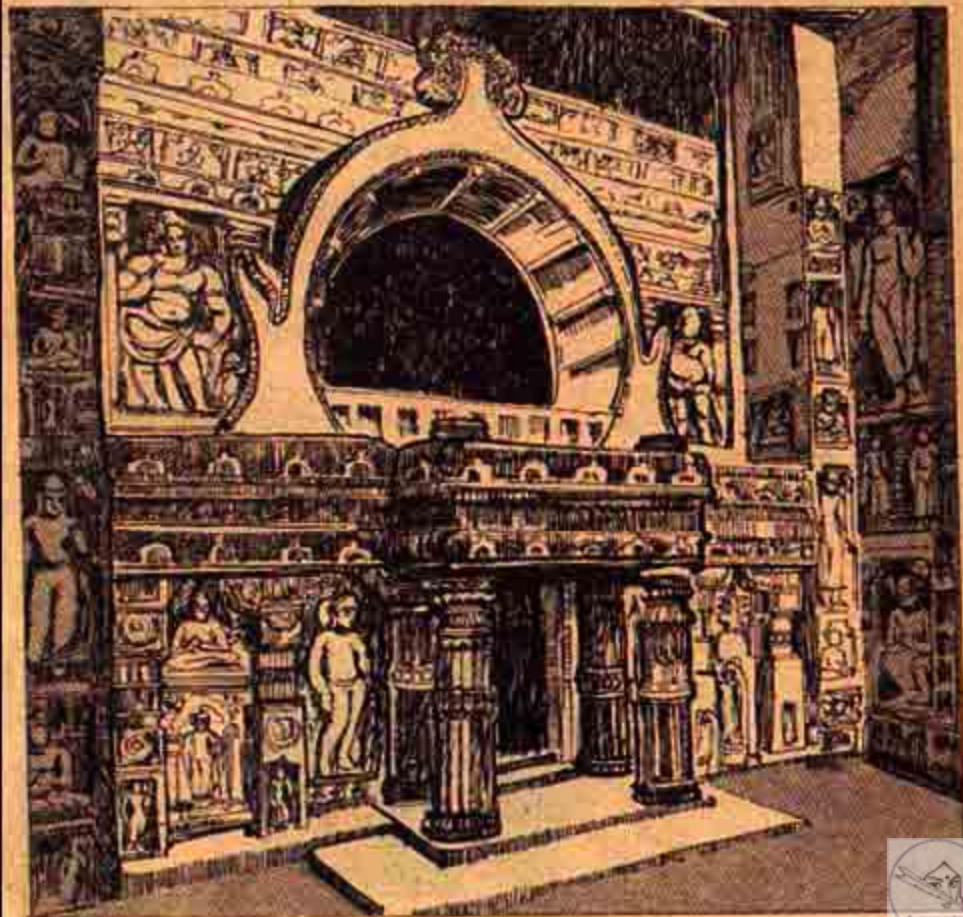


## THE WONDERS OF AJANTA

A number of caves in the Ajanta valley of Maharashtra show a series of fresco paintings which for their delicacy and splendour have no parallel in the world. The pictures, carved more than sixteen hundred years ago, depict Buddhist themes.

The caves of Ajanta, 29 in number, were divided into two categories; *Chaityas* or chapels, and *Viharas* or monasteries. The art of these frescoes, say experts, are far superior to the art that had developed in Italy and Europe in those days.

Once a place of meditation and research, Ajanta lay forgotten for a long long time. It was discovered by chance by a hunting party in 1819. Today the place draws a large number of tourists.



## THE WRITING ON THE WALL

A grand feast was going on at night in the castle of Belshazzar, the king of Babylon. He was a descendant of Nebuchadnezzar, the proud founder of a great empire.

Persia was a rising power then. The Persians had come to take Babylon. But the walls of the city were so strong and high that they could not break through them.

Belshazzar was presiding over the feast, surrounded by a thousand noblemen. They were drinking from the golden cups which Nebuchadnezzar had looted from the Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem.

Suddenly was seen a bewildering phenomenon. A strange hand began writing something on the wall which nobody could read. The fingers moved on creating awe in Belshazzar and his company.

There was a wise old man named Daniel who was sent for. The old man read the writing. It said that Belshazzar who had been too proud, was about to meet his end. His kingdom was going to fall in pieces.

No sooner had the writing been deciphered than the Persians stormed into the castle and killed Belshazzar in the midst of his feast.

Hence, *Writing on the wall* means a happening fore-showing downfall and disaster.







## LET US KNOW

What are the extinct species - like the dinosaur?

—C. R. Rajesh, Nipani.

Here are the names, put down alphabetically, of some of the important extinct animals, reptiles and birds:

**Allosaurus:** Reptile; about 34 feet long, and if head raised, 14 feet high.

**Archaeopteryx:** Most probably the ancestor of the birds. It had a reptile-like head and a tail.

**Baluchitherium:** A kind of rhinoceros, about 18 feet high; its head was 5 feet long.

**Brachiosaurus:** Reptile; 75 feet long, and if head raised, 40 feet high. It weighed about 50 tons.

**Brontosaurus:** Reptile; about 67 feet long; weighing about 35 tons.

**Dinosaur:** Popular name for several kinds of extinct reptiles.

**Dinornis:** A gigantic bird once found in New Zealand, popularly known as moa; 12 feet high with head raised; it weighed 500 lb.

**Diplodocus:** A gigantic dinosaur; 84 feet long; 14 feet high.

**Dodo:** A bird about the size of a swan; unable to fly; could be found in Mauritius till the end of the 17th century.

**Eohippus:** The ancestor of the horse; of the size of a large cat.

**Mastodon:** An extinct variety of elephants.

**Megatherium:** Gigantic sloth about 20 feet long and 4 tons in weight.

**Plesiosaur:** Aquatic reptile about 30 feet long.

**Tyrannosaurus:** Reptile; 47 feet long; 20 feet high; its head was 4 feet long.

(Readers are requested not to send new questions for a month. Let your magazine finish answering at least a part of the backlog of questions.)



## CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

*(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chaitanyana, 2 & 3 Arcot Road, Madras 600 026, to reach us by the 20th of December. A reward of Rs. 25-00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the February '78 issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the Photo-Caption Contest.)*



There was a club of aristocrats in London. Generally the club admitted only the lords. However, when Thomas Moore, the poet, proved to be a great name, the members voted to admit him into their club.

Some lords, however, resented the decision. One of them took the earliest opportunity to snub Moore when the latter attended the club for the first time. He walked up to the poet and asked gravely, "Is it true that your father was a petty shop-keeper?"

"True, a petty but honest shop-keeper," replied the poet innocently.

"I wonder," retorted the lord, "why you did not follow suit!"

A few noblemen who heard the comment giggled. But many more laid down offensive when it became the poet's turn to reply. He said, "I lacked my father's talent. But I had heard that your father was a gentleman. I wonder why you did not follow suit!"

The poor lord seemed to swoon away by the sound of laughter that followed.

### Result of Story Title Contest held in October Issue

The prize is awarded to

Mr. Shekar Manganti,

B. K. Puram,

NEW DELHI 110022.

Winning Entry—"MAN OF ALL SEASONS"





# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. E. S. Takkaiyer

Mr. K. A. Rao

- \* These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- \* Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th DECEMBER.
- \* Winning captions will be announced in FEBRUARY issue.
- \* Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST  
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE  
MADRAS-600 026.

## Result of Photo Caption Contest held in October issue

The prize is awarded to

Miss Hale Rajyam,

1317 Jangli Maharaj Road,

Opp. Modern High School, PODDAR S.

Winning Entry - 'So Sweet a Pair' - 'A Pair So Rare'



# Toothsville on the Defence

For months now, Demon Acid Killer COOH\* has been threatening to overrun Toothsville. In the National Assembly, the Oral Flora pass a bill to import military hardware.



Soon the shiploads of equipment arrive.



The army loses no time in fortifying Tooth Tower...and soon their work is put to the test.



One night, while all are asleep, Killer COOH's raiders launch a surprise attack.



The Oral Flora put up a brave fight but cannot oust Killer COOH who has gained the initiative in taking them by surprise



Only one hope remains.

Hurry, go call Binaca-F





Later... Binaca-F races in armed with a deadly weapon: Binaca Fluoride Toothpaste.



Let's see Killer COOH match this!



Retreat men,  
let's go!



Killer COOH's army  
is devastated by the  
combined efforts of  
Binaca-F and  
the Toothsville army.



Hurrah!

We're saved!



Long live  
Binaca-F!

Remember, conventional weapons  
are not enough. To keep Tooth  
Tower safe, you must brush it—  
twice daily—with Binaca Fluoride.



**Brush in extra toughness.  
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.**

\* Formula for carboxyl acid group which attacks tooth enamel and causes painful cavities





**'Make some music  
in your mouth!'**



**Gold Spot. The taste goes to your sn...**





# PARLE Krackjack

the konversation opener

"This sweet biscuit is terrific."

"Yes—but it's salty!"



Never  
sold loose  
—beware of  
imitations.

Some say it's sweet.  
Others swear it's salty.  
All agree it's tasty,  
tasty, tasty.



World Selection  
Award Winner



**Krackjack**—the one and only sweet and salty biscuit sensation.

